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SEQUEL

Containing what was Omitted in the

TRIUMVIRADE,

OR

BROAD-BOTTOMRY,

At the ASTERISKS.

*Tu ne le saura pas, Louïs,
Car j'étois seul quand je le fis.*

Address'd to Louïs XIV.

By PORCUPINUS PELAGIUS.

L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the ~~Globe~~ in Pater-Noster-Row.

(Price Six-Pence.)

THE
S E Q U E L

Containing what was Omitted in the

TRIUMPHAL

O R

BROAD-BOTTOMRY,

At the Asterisks.

Address'd to Louis XIV.

Car j'etois seul quand je le fis.
Tu ne le savais pas, Louis.

By Porcupinus Pelagicus.


L O N D O N :

Printed for M. Cooper, at the Close in Peter-Nigger-Road.

(Price 1s.)



S E Q U E L.

 H E N struck up a Smart with a Soldierly Air,
 But with less of rough *Mars* than of *Venus* the Fair;
 A kind of Commander, I ween, in the War,
 Yet with Limbs safe and sound and his Skin without Scar;
 And who shou'd it be? why no less than an E—L
 Ads my Life! the stout Warrior, Mynheer ~~Ab—~~
 Quo' he, " In Regard to my Ancestor's Merit,
 " Who came over to *England* Crown Gifts to inherit,
 " Which imbitter'd the Great Revolution so much
 " As to give an e'erlasting Dislike to the D—b,
 " (Confound 'em a self-interested, odd People!
 " Overwhelm'd with Corruption and practic'd in Quibble)
 " I was put in Command of a very good Troop,
 " E're yet on my Palfrey I well cou'd mount up,

" My nice Regulations were quickly made known,
 " At th'Expence of some Families ruin'd, in Town:
 " All under-fiz'd Fellows I caus'd to sell out
 " At half they got in, so to pocket the Boot.
 " I match'd them so equal in Rank and in Size,
 " That the Tips of their Noses, their Chins, and their Eyes,
 " Form'd three as strait Lines, as an Artift cou'd strike;
 " Their Shoulders, their Elbows, and Bums did the like,
 " When M—— resign'd, in Resentment and Pique,
 " Of which he repented, perhaps, in a Week;
 " I apply'd, and his Station was promis'd to me,
 " As fittest t'eclipse such a Warrior as he.
 " The Council infernal confirm it as done,
 " And the more as 'twas kept in Suspence by Great *John*.
 " As nor good, nor great Harm, you can do to the St—e,
 " And that 'tis expedient an E—l shou'd eat,
 " We confirm, by the Strength of our new assum'd Pow'rs,
 " (Quo' the Three) little Lordling, the Regiment yours.

Here they thought to have clos'd—'Till a Wight, bold as ever
 Cock'd up, without Colour of Merit, his Bever.

Too affumingly frank, under Front, most audacious ;
 Yet cunningly knowing his Int'rest and cautious.
 A convenient Acquaintance, tho' apt to deceive,
 Slipt up thro' the Hole, without Orders or Leave.
 Feign'd he came from the Devil ; and truly so said,
State Pack-horse, he meant, with mechanical Head ;
 The munificent Patron of Wit and Politeness !
 (Attend all ye Authors of *Britain* and witness)
 Tho' his *B——r* had all the great Qualitiës, Art
 Combining with Nature, to Man cou'd impart ;
 Yet *Pack-horse* excell'd him, distinguishing Loon !
 So belov'd thro' our Nation, and eke thro' his own
 Attentively mark him ! contemplate him well !
 How noble his Aspect ! his Air how genteel !
 The prettiest fine Gentleman sure in the C——t,
 And so Christian withal, of a Saint little short !
 But his Toad-eater-Agent thus set forth his Case :
 " By my Country and Birth I'm of *Ap Shenkin Race* ;
 " First preferr'd in the Customs t' a *Six-penny Seat* ;
 " In the common Long-Room, which scarce made me eat.

Next

" Next, this for a martial *Baudrier* I chang'd,
 " So a kind of a Captain thro' *Drury* I rang'd :
 " At least was so call'd, as you know at the worse,
 " Whoever wears Red is a Captain of course.
 " I gam'd and I wh—r'd, play'd Levant and such Tricks,
 " I sometimes got Money, but frequently Kicks.
 " Then married a good ancient Dame for my Wife,
 " And sent her to Board to the Country for Life.
 " Was a *West—ster* J—st—ce soon afterwards made,
 " And drove on a While, like Sir *Thomas*, the Trade;
 " Or *Tow'r-Hamlet* Sir *Cl—ff—d*, whom erst I have seen
 " Sole Groom of the Stole to the Steeds at an Inn:
 " So had frequent Occasion to serve well my Betters,
 " The Affair of Sir *Redstring* I manag'd by Setters.
 " 'Twas I that set on, and procur'd, the Divorce,
 " And broke the Church Charm of *for better for worse*.
 " 'Twas I set the C—nell to honour his Head,
 " And contriv'd the next Morning to catch him in Bed.
 " The Knight became grateful and got me a Place,
 " And sent me to *Sc—l—d*, by Means of his Grace.

" But

" But was heavily quarter'd, however, upon,
 " Yet refus'd to tell Tales to have *O-f-d* undone.
 " Or seem'd so to such, who admir'd at my 'Scape,
 " From the Fate of poor *P-x-n*, so wond'rously cheap,
 " For, in Fact, I was sent by the late Great ———
 " To demur as I did, to give room for a Bill ;
 " Since what I'd to say, cou'd but little avail
 " To take off the *E-m-l*, or cast him in Jail.
 " But my R-guery in seeming t' evade all their Questions,
 " Did, with *P-x-n's* Fidelity, furnish Suggestions.
 " Now the Baronet's dead I put in for his Place,
 " *State Pack-horse* will vouch for the Truth of my Case.
 " You may *Half*, if you please, but not *Quarter*, my Score,
 " With some *Yea and Nay* M-ber, Pimp, Bawd, or some Whore.
 " As, without it, I know one must ne'er think to rise,
 " 'Tis so in the C-ft-ms and so in th' *Ex-se*,
 " With all *Out-hause* Placemen the same, who can't say,
 " In a M-n-ry's Service, nor *Yea* nor the *Nay*.
 The *Triumvirate* balanc'd ——— howe'er to be quiet,
 And get rid of the Creature, they granted the Fiat.

" If to Place be preferr'd such a Parasite Shaver, "
 " A Brace of good Authors may surely meet Favour; "
 Was heard in the Hole, as if spoke by a Couple;
 When something bolts up, not unlike a Man double;
 'Twas two clench'd together, Side to Side, ne'er to quit,
 Like a Brace of good Rabbits truss'd up for the Spit,
 One Half-side like *Tonus*, tall, meagre, and lank,
 Balanc'd up on each Side by a thin spindle Shank,
 Inhos'd all in White, their Proportion to show,
 Like the Leggs of a Doll, and e'en jointed so too.
 In the Cast-offs of *Tonus*, beau'd out for his G—ce,
 Ah! cou'd he but get to his Cast-off old Place.
 A Visage far North, a bold Front did impart,
 Yet blushing, as conscious how vain was the Heart.
 An huge Rod of Birch, quite as big as some Brooms,
 As tho' he'd been *Deputy Flogger* of Bums,
 He display'd in his Hand, magisterially great,
 To flog ev'ry Statesman, who'd not make him eat.
 T'other Moiety-side, as short, did ill pair,
 As with Art did his own dear *Octangular Square*.

By

By Principle *Swiss*, as he fought for his Pay,
 Who for *Paxton* wrote erst is for *Wallo* to-day:
 For this Side, and t'other, and both he resolves,
 * While R——h howls to *CYNTHIA* be silent ye *Wolves*.
 One a Maker of Pamphlets, and t'other of Matter
 To fill them withal, and for Coffee-house Chatter.
 This a Draggel-tail Muse in his Bosom does nourish,
 And That writes the History of *E-gl-d* in Flourish.
 Lo! there, what I've heard my old Granum oft say,
 The Boys were all drown'd, and the rest ran away.
 INDEPENDENT ELECTIONS OF WESTMINSTER Both
 Without Property, Vote, House, Maxim, or Troth,
 One Cloak cover'd Both, ill compos'd of Raff-riffry
 O-d *E-gl-d*, or *Beech*—m J——al, by *Jess*—
 With Letters initial and Dashes all ran over,
 H——r, H——r, H——r, H——r
 Till the nauseated Reader, no longer cou'd brook,
 The hoarse Cuckow Note, all bestain'd them with Puke.

B

Then

* See *The Dunciad*.

† See the latter Part of the Specimen, publish'd in the *London Evening Post* of the 10th of November last.

Then a Couple of more *Independent Electors*,
 Broadbottom *Mæcenases* both and Protectors
 Appear'd; one forsooth an *Esquire* by his Name,
 O! Ye Bubo's and Shankers retire at his Fame!
 A Medley of Surg—n, of Nurse, and Phyfician,
 Mock Doctor, mock Mafon, and mock Politician
 His worthy Associate as smart as a Carrot,
 As pert as a Magpy, and loud as a Parrot;
 The ORATOR's genuine *little Game Cock*,
 As good as e'er crow'd, or as strutted, or struck.
 Inclos'd, as it were, in an odd Masquerade,
 Exprefive, I deem, of his new-fafhion'd Trade;
 Capuchin'd were his Shoulders, with his Head in the Cowl,
 While a *Broadbottom Hoop* went below round the whole.
 “ I am (for to fpeak he'd a wonderful Itch,
 And as nimble his Tongue as his Fingers to fitch)
 Quo' he, “an Hoop-Petticoat Maker for Foks,
 “ Smock-under-Coats too, Capuchins and fhort Cloaks,
 “ Fine Masquerade Dreffes fhap'd out with an Air;
 “ Egad! I cou'd fit you all Three to an Hair.

Now

* See his Advertisement. in *October* laft.

" Now to *Harlequin* Characters, what wou'd you say?
 " To dance *Bobbin Joan* in, or figure the *Haye*.
 " Made of *Jeff'ry's* State Pamphlets, and *R—b's* Gazetteers
 " His *Champions*, his *Craftsmen*, and all their *Picqueers*!
 " What a Contrast they'd form, with their *pro* and their *con*?
 " Here for *Bluestring* a Patch, there against him and *John*.
 " For *H——r* This, and for old *England* That,
 " Plain Abuse on the *K—g*, and some Hints for the *St—c*.
 " And yet is your Masque, as you are, much more true,
 " For who will expect to find Statesmen in you?
 " Tho' I vary in spelling my Name now and then,
 " Sometimes without *u* and sometimes without *n*.
 " Tho' I can't *write* myself, save in making a Bill,
 " Which indeed I can do in a very good *Stile*.
 " Yet my little fine Boy has a third in the *Paper*,
 " (God love it! how much like the Sire and how dapper)
 " 'Tis I pay the Reck'ning, whenever we meet,
 " For to treat is my Province, and theirs is to write.
 Then, turning about on their *Honours* his *B—ch*,
 To the Placemen address'd both his Face and his Speech,

Shook

* See a certain Order of Vestry.

" Look Hands with them 'round, and familiarly laid, wot
 " We have knock'd, at the last, this great Man on the Head.
 " We shall do very well, as *our* Matters now fall-in, aban
 " Believe, my good Friends, little Broadbottom P—m
 " We shall now see our Fleet even *Paris* attack, O
 " And a V-R—N Flag'd out for old *Foul-Weather-Jack*. H
 " Our Army recall'd, quite disbanded and broke,—H
 " For where there's a Navy, an Army's a Joke. indA
 " The *Septennial* revers'd, and Enquiries set up, is
 " All Placemen expell'd, and for *Robin* a Rope. For who
 " Rare Times! as the Speech-makers all of the H—se
 " Are in Posts, and none left to say, *Bob* to a Goose. Some
 " Your Custom, is all that I ask, for my Wife, 'mas I
 " Her *Commodity*'s wond'rously good, on my Life. indW
 " She's to all *Independent Electors* genteel, Yet my little
 " Her Friends, e'er they buy, are all welcome to feel. Co

Had apply'd to spread out a good Plaister of State,
 To cure ev'ry Ail in a Minister's Pate.
 Declar'd, he wou'd lay all his Surg'ry aside
 And to *Greenwich* row down for a Place with the Tide.
 Quo' *R—b*, to the *C—ff—r*'s Office I'll fly;
 Quo' the Third, to the old *C—tt—n* Library I,
 For the long promis'd Patent, so usefully earn'd
 * By my eminent Self, so well known 'mong the Learn'd
 If they grant it, my Pen and my Country I'll drop;
 If not, They shall know I a'n't easy to stop.
 And, quo' little State *P—l—n*, I'll home to my Shop.

11. 7. 49

* See the News Papers of late.

F I N I S.



Had apply'd to spread out a good Plaster of Paris,
 To cure ev'ry Ail in a Minister's Fate.
 Declar'd, he wou'd lay all his Surgery aside
 And to Greenwich row down for a Place with the Tide.
 Quo, R—d, to the C—'s Office I'll fly;
 Quo, the Third, to the old C—'s Library I
 For the long promis'd Patent, so usefully earn'd
 * By my eminent Self, so well known, among the Learn'd!
 If they grant it, my Pen and my Country I'll drop;
 If not, They shall know I ain't easi to stop.
 And, quo, little State P—w, I'll home to my Shop.

* See the News Papers of late.

T. I. W. I. S.

